

# The Saturday Gazette.

## BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.  
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Bloomfield, N. J.

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THE  
**SATURDAY GAZETTE,**  
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.  
BELLVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERONA.  
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL  
OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POL-  
ITICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ES-  
PECIALLY OF LOCAL IN-  
TERESTS.

All PUBLIC and LOCAL questions, in-  
cluding political and social, sanitary and  
reformatory, educational and industrial  
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and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it  
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OCT-18-74

**Manuella**  
**A FAMILY STORY.**  
(Written for the SATURDAY GAZETTE.)

MUSINGS ON THANKSGIVING DAY—THE  
MYSTERIOUS BOX—THE REMEMBERED  
LETTER—MANUELLA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Another year with its rolling months is  
gliding into the Past. The massive por-  
tals swing silently open, and into the gloom  
and stillness of the realms within another  
portion of life is borne beyond the plead-  
ings of recalling voices. The pain, the  
pleasure, the toil, the triumph, the hours  
of anguish and of joy; these hallowed by  
tears and suffering, and those crowned  
with a halo of glory—all gone forever into  
the shades of that remotest Hades which  
gives not back. Oh! never can man live  
again the scenes once fled, and vain is it  
for him to seek to grasp the treasures of  
the irrevocable Past. Only when the  
Angel of memory draws aside the veil  
from her mirror, can mortals catch a tran-  
sitory glimpse of what has been.

Again the Nation's Eucharistic day has  
come. The earth for her bounti-  
ful blessings raises sweet anthems of  
praise, and the notes of joy float upward  
from all grateful hearts to the throne  
above the stars.

But as I sit here and muse to night,  
my thoughts will not stay with the so-  
ber present. They go far back and  
nestle among scenes gone by. The long  
ago surrounds me with the softly glim-  
mering twilight, growing fainter as the  
lengthening shadows of the intervening  
years, grow deeper.

While I watch the shining stars, born in  
the darkness of the daylight's death, their  
beams seem to fall upon me as a child once  
more in my Father's house. What makes  
the old days come back so strangely and  
linger with me as they have to-night? It  
has seemed not to be the late Thank-  
sgiving but one long since buried in silence  
above which the grasses of Time have  
grown, swayed by the winds of forgetful-  
ness. With eager hands I have pushed  
them aside and awakened the dreamy  
past. How well I remember that happy  
time! We were all gathered in the old  
home, sheltered safely under the paternal  
wings of love and tenderness. Father al-  
ways wanted his children around him on  
Thanksgiving Day. Dear Father. He has  
gathered his family around him, one by  
one, in a lasting home, and I know they  
wait perhaps on the threshold, for the last  
one left below. Will it be long before the  
circle is complete again?

Altogether we were. How sweet the  
picture! It was the eve of the great feast  
day! From the large bow window we  
watched the pale sunset above the hills in  
the distance, and then drawing our chairs  
close around the cheerful grate, we sat and  
talked until supper time.

Father and mother in their easy arm  
chairs on each side of the fire-place smiled  
serenely upon our little group. Mark, my  
big brother, so grand in my sight, with  
the M.D. after his name, having returned  
from the city, was again in his favorite  
place by mother's side, while Dave home  
from college, was on her other. How  
proud she was of her boy, with her hand  
stroking his hair. I do not need to  
recount Father's knee, and between us, the  
center of our little group—was one whom  
we had learned to love, first for Mark's  
sake, afterward when we knew her better,  
for her own—MANUELLA—our sweet new  
sister. We wondered in the beginning,  
when we heard of it, and could not un-  
derstand how Mark could love anyone in the  
great city when he practised his profession,  
better than those he had left in his old  
home, but at last we too rejoiced that their  
souls had found each other.

She was not beautiful. She was small  
and slender and had a timid, girlish way  
about her. I remember so well how she  
looked that night, as the fire-light shone  
over her dark hair and pale face. To  
Mark, she was the loveliest of all the earth,  
I had always been the petted one, the only  
girl, and it seemed hard to me that an-  
other should now share the love that had  
always been mine alone. I think Man-  
uella noticed that I shrank from her at  
first, and that my welcome was not as  
warm as the others, for when she bade us  
"good-bye" to go back with Mark to the  
city she whispered as she kissed me—"I  
will wait awhile for your love, little sister.  
I know I shall have it some day."

Only once did I see her after that. The  
time came when I went gladly and eagerly  
to her. But my joy was turned into sor-  
row for it was but to say "good-bye" for-  
ever on this earth. I told her then how I  
loved her with all my heart. Poor Mark!  
How true he was to her through all the  
weary years before he rejoined her poor  
spirit in ethereal felicity above. I won-  
der where that little box inlaid with pearl,  
is, that she gave me when we last talked  
together. She told me not to open it then,  
but to wait until some future day, and  
then if I ever felt tired and lonely to read

what within. I had forgotten it, I will  
find it now.

What a long letter it is; how yellow  
the paper has grown, but it is easy to read.

MANUELLA'S LETTER.

"I have been thinking about you, little  
sister, and how much you must miss your  
brother. I do not wonder that you cannot  
love right away, one who as it seems to  
you, has him all to herself, far away from  
his old home. You cannot understand  
everything yet, but I want you to some  
day and so I write this to let you know  
more of the one you now call sister, and  
to tell you why I married Mark. I was an  
only child, not even blessed with brothers  
as you have been. While still quite young,  
I was sent, to boarding school, and after  
that was only home during vacations. My  
Mother's health was very poor indeed, and  
the last year I was at school Papa took her  
to Europe, hoping the change would be  
beneficial. After my graduation, I went  
to stay with my Uncle Lindsey in Virginia,  
until my parents should return. There  
were only three in his family, until I came.  
Uncle Alfred, Aunt Esther and their  
daughter, Eleanor. I was very fond of  
Uncle, but stood rather in awe of my Aunt,  
who had always seemed cold and distant  
to me. Eleanor and I had never been very  
much together. Our natures did not har-  
monize well, although everything always  
went smoothly between us. She remem-  
bered her mother, in her grand, stately man-  
ner and never cared to trouble herself  
over such a little thing as I. The first  
summer that I was with them, we spent in  
traveling through the Northern States, re-  
turning to Woodland about the first of  
October.

We had been home but a short time  
when our number was increased by the  
unexpected arrival of Will Ashley my  
Aunt's nephew, a young man, about  
twenty-five years of age. He was an ar-  
tist by profession and had spent the past  
three years studying in Italy. We were  
all greatly surprised, for no one could help  
liking Will, and it was not long before  
Uncle had made him promise to spend the  
Winter with us. His long sojourn in a  
warm climate had not taken away his nat-  
ural life and energy, and always in good  
spirits, he entertained and amused us con-  
stantly during his long stay. Both Eleanor  
and my Aunt seemed to brighten before the  
sunlight of his presence, never appear-  
ing to better advantage than when con-  
versing with him, for he had more influ-  
ence with them than any one else.

So the days passed peacefully on until  
November came. But the icy blasts  
which followed its advent seemed to bring  
trouble with them, and the surface of our  
life which had been so calm during the  
last month, began to be ruffled with harsh  
words that it seemed impossible to hush.

During our northern trip, we had met a  
Mr. Philip Thorne, who accompanied us  
in our travels for quite a long distance. He  
was very fine looking, and made a great  
impression upon Eleanor and her father  
but my Aunt and I disliked him very  
much. For once we were agreed. Al-  
though nothing could be found to his dis-  
credit, yet he always impressed us un-  
pleasantly. He belonged to a good family  
and from all we could learn from those  
who knew him, his standing in society  
was excellent, but still we could neither of  
us endure him. So when about the first of  
November, Mr. Philip Thorne made his  
appearance at the Hall, the old feelings  
were aroused and disagreement among the  
innates began. Will, for a while, would  
not commit himself to either side, always  
conducting himself agreeably towards Mr.  
Thorne, but not enthusiastically in his praise.

For that matter, there never was any but  
the most polite treatment of that gentle-  
man, since my aunt was too proud to al-  
low her displeasure to be seen, and I kept  
my opinions closely to myself. Still as the  
visits of Mr. Thorne became more frequent,  
and his manner with Eleanor more familiar,  
I saw that Will was really displeased, and  
one day heard him talking about the affair  
with my aunt.

My Aunt and Will were together a great  
deal, for he had persuaded her to allow  
him to paint her portrait. She was a very  
handsome woman, and while with Will,  
seemed to lose the coldness from her face,  
so that he caught and transferred to the  
canvas the pleasantest expression of her  
features.

Several times, after sitting for Will, my  
aunt had a long talk with Eleanor. I  
think she tried to persuade her to have  
nothing more to do with Mr. Thorne, but  
the more she pleaded with her, the more  
Eleanor resisted her mother's wishes. She  
seemed like a perfect statue, as if she had  
no life in her, with a scornful smile chis-  
elled on her marble face.

One morning we were all sitting together,  
Will, adding the finishing touches to the  
beautiful portrait, Eleanor sewing, and I  
reading aloud to them, when we heard the  
quick steps of a horse coming up the path  
to the Hall. I guessed immediately who  
it was, knowing full well who was in the  
habit of riding over so often from the city,  
though a morning call was unusual. Will

also knew I saw by the hasty, nervous way  
in which he mixed the colors on his pal-  
ette—but when the servant announced Mr.  
Thorne's name, Eleanor looked up in sur-  
prise, saying,—"Indeed, is it he?" and  
prepared to lay aside her work. But as  
she rose, her mother sprang from her seat,  
and placing herself before the door, cried,  
"Eleanor, once more I tell you, you are  
killing me by your persistency. If you  
marry that man I shall not live to see the  
day, but so surely as you do, my picture  
then, though it smiles now, will frown up-  
on you to prove my entire displeasure."  
But Eleanor heeded not a word. "Ad-  
vancing in her stately manner, she cast a hur-  
ried glance upon the portrait, and sweep-  
ing by her mother, opened the door and  
descended the stairs, to welcome the only  
one for whom she had gracious glances."

The poor heart-broken mother, with a  
half uttered cry, sank to the floor. As she  
fell, Will caught her in his arms, and to-  
gether we gently placed her upon the  
lounge. She opened her eyes but seemed  
so very faint, that I sent Will for the  
Doctor before even calling Uncle Alfred.  
We were more than a mile from town, but  
Will was there and back in the shortest  
time possible. He brought with him a  
physician whom Uncle had employed once  
before. A young man but one who had  
already acquired a fine reputation and had  
risen to a high degree of eminence in his  
profession.

(To BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

**THE CHRISTIAN WEEKLIES.**

**THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.**—REV. T.  
DeWitt Talmage, in his usually vigorous  
style, animadverted at some length upon  
what he considers the right kind of a  
church. "In order to meet the necessities  
of the hour, a Church must be thoroughly  
evangelical. Its mission is not to make  
men philosophers, nor to make scientific  
explorations, nor to organize governments  
and write constitutions. But to break pro-  
phecy, to dethrone superstition, to emanci-  
pate spiritual bondage, to break in twain  
the prison bolts, to soothe human pain, to  
turn the human race on to the high path-  
way of heaven—this is the Church's mis-  
sion. Again, the Church must avoid all  
formalistic tendencies. Forms, creeds, lit-  
urgies are indispensable. But mere out-  
ward proprieties will not make a useful  
Church. What a factory would be with  
water wheels flashing, and bands pulling,  
and no machinery, no power, no com-  
bustion, no heat, no light, no motion, no  
muscle, that is a Church with all the  
ordinances in full operation, yet producing  
no glorious and enthusiastic results; a fac-  
tory in full blast doing nothing.

Then, too, religious enterprise must be a  
characteristic of every Church that would  
do its duty. The earth shakes  
back from the quick tread of scientific, moral  
and religious enterprises. In such a time  
a torpid, lethargic, timid Church is both  
a farce and a blasphemy. If it do not march  
when God commands it to strike; if it do  
not strike when God commands it to strike;  
if the mountains round about are full  
of horses and chariots of fire, it shrinks  
back from the conflict, and God will mark it  
for ruin, and Christians will become inco-  
sistent, and the minister will sleep in the  
pulpit and the choir will quarrel in the  
gallery, and the shingles will rot, and sin-  
ners will perish, and the cause of God  
will be dishonored. One enterprising  
Church! How many hungry mouths it  
might feed! How many poor Churches it  
might help! How many lights it might  
kindle! How many souls it might in-  
spire! How many criminals it might re-  
claim! How many souls it might save!

**THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.**—REV. Dr.  
Prime in the leading editorial of a column  
and he discusses the question which  
has recently been mooted in England—  
"The loyalty of Roman Catholics to Civil  
Governments." Mr. Gladstone has sound-  
ed the trumpet which has started the  
realm. He has proved very clearly that  
the infallibility dogma necessitates the  
claim of supreme authority over the mem-  
bers of the Church of Rome, so that if  
the will of the Pope conflicts with the  
will of the government—that is with the  
laws of the land—the Pope must be  
obeyed. Archbishop Manning has tried  
to explain this away. But he leaves it just  
where he found it, or rather makes it  
worse. He contends that the infallibility  
dogma does not imply any authority over  
the subject in his relation to civil govern-  
ment, forgetting that long before this dog-  
ma was invented the Pope had claimed the  
right of absolving subjects from their alle-  
giance to their king.

**THE METHODIST.**—REV. Dr. Crooks si-  
multaneously discusses the same question.  
He says of Mr. Gladstone and of his con-  
troversy. "In his article on 'Ritualism' he  
called in question the loyalty of Roman  
Catholics who accept fully the decrees of  
the late Vatican Council. His position  
was challenged by the Catholics with no  
little display of feeling. Mr. Gladstone  
replied in a paper entitled 'The Vatican  
Decree, and their Bearing on Civil  
Allegiance.' It has fallen on the English  
public like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

He affirms that the acceptance of the  
syllabus is incompatible with allegiance to  
any government on earth. Mr. Gladstone  
states his proposition formally, and proves  
it by citations from the syllabus.

Archbishop Manning condemns his en-  
emy in the three statements: (1.) That the  
Vatican decrees have in no jot or tittle  
changed either the obligations or condi-  
tions of civil allegiance. (2.) That the  
civil allegiance of Catholics is undivided  
and that all Christians, and of all men  
who recognize a divine or natural moral  
law. (3.) That the civil allegiance of no  
man is unlimited, and, therefore, the civil  
allegiance of all men who believe in God,  
or are governed by conscience, is in that  
sense divided.

We have, heretofore, shown the differ-  
ence between the Protestant obligation of

conscience toward God, as controlling civil  
allegiance, and the Roman Catholic obli-  
gation of conscience toward a Church or-  
ganized on earth in the form of an abso-  
lute monarchy. Lord Acton, a leading  
Catholic layman of England, replies to Mr.  
Gladstone by repudiating the Vatican de-  
crees.

Sir George Bowyer, one of the most emi-  
nent and scholarly of the English Catho-  
lics, also replies to Mr. Gladstone. He af-  
firms that the only difference between  
Protestants and Catholics, on the point of  
allegiance, is a private judgment, and that  
of a Roman Catholic is the infallible voice  
of a spiritual authority, which we believe  
to be under a divine guidance." This  
says the London Times, tells the whole  
story; it means "we (Protestants) are  
our own masters and Roman Catholics are  
not."

The effect of this debate will be to com-  
pel the Catholics of England to speak for  
themselves. We do not doubt that their  
language will be, for whatever may have  
been the fact in former centuries they are  
today a loyal people. But how they will  
dispose of the decrees of the Council while  
asserting their allegiance to the Crown is  
a curious problem. Probably many of  
them will adopt the course of Lord Acton.  
If they do there will be a division in the  
ranks of English Roman Catholics.

**THE PRESBYTERIAN.**—We clip the follow-  
ing "practical admonition" to Christians  
under the fitting head of

**THE CHRISTIAN LIFE SUPREMACY.**

We want to have life so developed in us  
that it shall be supreme. A Christian in  
the old times was, first of all, a Christian,  
and then a king, a warrior, a statesman,  
a scholar, a statesman. He was a Christian,  
and perhaps he might belong to Caesar's  
household, but that you might hardly  
know. Now a days what are we? We are  
bankers or merchants; every body knows  
that. Then after little inquiry, perhaps  
it might be found out that we are Chris-  
tians. The thing ought to be reversed.  
Our religion should be the first thing.  
Too much, the Lord Jesus gets the wrong  
and the spare victuals, and the world gets  
the wrong. Men give to the Lord Jesus  
their odds minutes, and to money-gods  
the main strength of their lives. I do  
believe that will have to be altered.  
We shall see as any great work done  
in the land, and multitude of conver-  
sions.

How is it going to be altered, I cannot  
tell except by this, that life has a wonder-  
ful faculty for accomplishing great things.  
A little seed has been sown in a mass of  
rock, and you could hardly suppose it  
could live. But yet it has thrust itself up  
and has become a tree.

The mass of rock, and by-and-by it will  
move the rock away to make space for it-  
self. And life in God's people at this  
time is very like that seed in the rock.  
Our modes of living and our habits are al-  
together prejudicial, I believe, to any very  
wonderful display of life, but life will do  
it somehow. It will achieve its purpose  
by some means. I pray God to give us  
that life.